WHEN LYDDY'S COME.

I wish that I could go again
To that old spelling school,
Where we had fun on winter nights,
And helped to play the fool.
I spelled believe just like deceive,
And dropped the b in thumb,
Watching the door with anxious fear
Lest Lyddy shouldn't come.

When Lyddy, standing straight and trim,
Began her gum to chew,
My heart went raging up and down,
Worse than the wand'ring Jew;
I put a k in caraway,
A double m in hum,
And Friday's i changed off for y,
All just 'cause Lyddy'd come.

Bill Rogers he was worse than I,
If such a thing could be;
And I know once he spelled machine
With s and double e;
But let us get our letters set
Most anyway but plumb,
Our side was always sure to beat
On nights when Lyddy'd come.

What prickles ran all down our backs,
How still the room would grow,
While master tried some word to find
That Lyddy didn't know!
Phthisic and schism, gneiss and chrism,
Oh, whist we sat and mum,
For there was nothing else to do
On nights when Lyddy'd come!

When Lyddy'd come we didn't need
The light of stars or moon;
The winter nights seemed brighter then
Than days do now at noon,
For Lyddy's eyes made glad our skies,
And though she spelled us dumb,
Jehoshaphat, how proud we were
On nights when Lyddy'd come!
—A. M. L. Hawes, in Detroit Free Press.

MY LITTLE ADVENTURE.

By Willis B. Allen.

WE WERE both well tired out, one July evening in 1886, when we reached Chamounix, Fred, my old Latin school classmate, could bear mountain climbing, and, what was worse, mule-back riding, much better than I, so that, while I was glad to find my way to my room, in the top of the queer old hotel, at an early hour in the evening, Fred remained in the parlor, busily studying up maps and guides for an excursion over the Mer de Glace to the "Garden," a small, fertile spot, surrounded by eternal ice, in the very heart of the mountains.

Next morning he was off at four o'clock, leaving me to spend the day quietly in the valley. I was disturbed but once more before rising; this time by a herd of goats, who scrambled along under my window, with bells tinkling merrily enough.

In the course of the forenoon I strolled away, book in hand, following the course of the Arve for a little while, and then, striking off at right angles up the banks of a small brook, which joins the larger stream just above the village.

The air was soft and sweet with summer sunlight, and the breath of the silent forests, reaching from my feet higher and higher, until the front rank looked on these desolate, glittering fields of snow that crown Mount Blanc.

Beside the brook the velvety turf was dotted with wild forget-me-nots and pansies, growing there as confidently as if they were not in the very track of last year's avalanche.

At length I came to a spot where the brook had in ages past strewn its own path with fragments of huge rocks, which it had loosened and thrown down from some far-off height, where the foot of man never trod.

One gigantic bowlder lay completely across the original bed of the stream, and rose like a wall beside the water, that turned out of its way, and ran off with a good-natured murmur.

The sun here lay warm and bright, just counteracting the chill breeze that came from the glaciers through the narrow gorge. I gathered a few dry sticks, kindled a fire, just for company, and nestled comfortably down into an easy corner to read the rocks, the brook, the sky, and, if there were time left, my book, which, if I remember rightly, was "Redgauntlet."

How long I sat there I cannot tell. It must have been two or three hours, for it was past noon when I looked at my watch, threw the smoldering firebrands into the brook and rose to return to the hotel.

As I did so, I noticed half a dozen footsteps in the steep, sandy bank that formed the side of the ravine at this point. It suddenly occurred to me that I had read in my guide book, while I was sitting in my own room, six months before, of a certain waterfall, which, from the description, must surely be on this brook. Yes, I recollected the base of the zig-zag path, that we had seen as we rode along the valley, on our way from Tete Noire, late the preceding afternoon.

I was feeling much refreshed and rested by my siesta, and, by a short cut over this embankment, I could doubtless strike that path after a three minutes' scramble, as some one had evidently done before me.

So I would have a little adventure, and see one of the sights of Chamounix all by myself.

Certainly there was nothing rash in this resolve, or formidable in the undertaking, though a certain feebleness resulting from a recent ill turn at Geneva should have warned me against tasking my strength too severely.

At any rate, at it I went, laughing at the easiness of the ascent as I followed the broad footsteps of my predecessor. My calculation was that I should come out on the path at a point 75 to 100 feet above my starting place.

Before I had proceeded far, however, the convenient tracks abruptly ceased. Beyond, and on each side, there was nothing but the gravelly bank, with here and there a big rock, which seemed ready to drop at the lightest touch.

Plainly enough, the first climber had become discouraged at this point, and had picked his way to the bottom again. As I looked back, I was startled to observe the elevation which I had reached, and I involuntarily crouched closer to the earth, with a sensation as of tipping over backwards.

The movement, slight as it was, dislodged a clump of stones and sand, which went rolling and plunging down at a great rate to the brook, the sound of whose waters was now hardly audible. No wonder the man had given it up! Should I go on, or literally back down, as he had done?

My determination was stirred, and, although I heartily wished Fred was on hand with his sympathetic courage, I resolved to complete what I had begun.

It was tough work. Hands and knees now—and carefully placed every time, at that.

Once I very nearly lost my balance by the unexpected yielding of a large stone, which gave way under my foot. How fearfully long it was before I heard it smite on the bowlders below! I knew if I slipped, or missed one step, the impetus of a yard would send me after the stone. As I looked over my shoulder, it seemed like clinging to the slope of a cathedral roof, where a puff of wind might be fatal.

There was no question now as to the course I must take. It was "Excelsior" in sober earnest—only I didn't have the inspiration of a maiden, with a tear in her bright blue eye, looking on.

Steeper and steeper! I was panting heavily in the rarified atmosphere, and trembling from exhaustion. It was so terribly lonely. Nothing but the dark forms of the trees, the waste of ice and snow, and now and then a bird, winging its way silently over the gulf, until my brain whirled as I watched its slow flight.

By to-morrow they would miss me, and organize a search, with Fred at their head. They would find my footprints beside the brook, where I had leaped carelessly across after pansies; then they would come upon the blackened traces of the little fire, and the loosened gravel of the steep bank; they would look upward with a shudder, and search the harder. Pretty soon one of them would lean over a crevice among the bowlders, shrink back with a cry of horror and beckon to the others. All this if I failed by one step!

But still I worked on laboriously, often pausing for giddiness or a want of breath, and digging with my fingernails little hollows in the hard bank for my feet.

Once or twice a long, tough root of grass saved me, and very soon, to my joy, straggling bushes, strong enough to support a few pounds of weight, thrust their tops through the sand bed.

Then came scrubby trees, cedar and fir, oftentimes growing straight out from a vertical face of rock, and quivering from root to tip as I drew myself cautiously up.

I shall never forget the agony of the moment when one of them came out entirely, and let me fall backward. Fortunately its comrades were near enough to save me, though it was with rough hands.

To shorten the story, I climbed at last out upon a small, level spot, which proved to be the longed-for path.

Following it painfully up for a few rods, I reached a little hut, where I found a kind old French woman, who refreshed me with food and drink, helped to make my tattered clothes presentable and held up her hands after the demonstrative fashion of her nation when she heard of my climb.

"Had anyone ever ascended to the cataract upon that side?" I asked.

"Jamais, monsieur; jamais, jamais!" (Never, monsieur; never, never.)

And could she tell me the height from the valley?

A thousand feet! Well, I had had mountain climbing enough for one day, and after a visit to the Cascade, which was close by, I hobbled down the easy path and back to the hotel, to read "Redgauntlet" until bedtime.

When Fred got back and heard the story, his eyes were round enough, as he declared he would not leave me behind again, to play invalid, until we came in sight of the Cunard wharf in East Boston. And he kept his promise.—Golden Days.

AFFECTS MANUFACTURERS.

New Tariff Rates on Coal Felt on the Pacific Coast.

A change of importance to the manufacturing interests of the Pacific coast has been made by the new tariff, if the understanding now entertained is the correct one. Its importance is suggested in a note of instruction given by Collector Jackson to the deputy collectors in the following communication:

In view of the standard fixed by the new tariff of 92 per cent. of fixed carbon as the line of demarkation between anthracite and bituminous coal, you will exact a deposit on all cargoes heretofore passed as anthracite from Swansea."

Under the old tariff coal that exceeded 68 per cent. of fixed carbon was rated as anthracite coal and was admitted free of duty.

Most of the coal imported here from Swansea ranged from 89 to 90 per cent., and so came in free. Under the new tariff it will nearly all be rated as bituminous and will be charged a duty of 67 cents a ton. The instructions given were for the purpose of securing a deposit equal to the duty before releasing such coal.

Immense quantities of Swansea coal are annually imported at San Francisco port for consumption on the Pacific coast, mostly for manufacturing purposes. The kind of coal with which it comes mostly in competition is the Pennsylvania anthracite. Whether the duty is sufficient to cover the difference in the cost of transportation from Pennsylvania or not remains to be seen. If it does not, the result, it is said, will be simply to increase the cost of this kind of coal to the manufacturers who use it.

GARDEN IN A BARREL.

A Flat Dweller's Scheme for Growing Strawberries.

A strawberry patch on wheels! This is the latest West side novelty in market gardening, and it is a brilliant and practical success. Its owner has not a square inch of yard space, yet he raised enough strawberries at his very door to supply his own table with this delicious fruit, and fewer than seven people seldom sit at his board.

The garden consists of a large empty sugar barrel on a stout platform fitted with wheels. The owner then, with an inch and a quarter augur, circled the barrel with rows of holes. The distance between the rows was six inches, and the holes in each row were five inches apart. The first row of holes was a foot from the bottom of the barrel.

Next he made two pilgrimages to the nearest greenhouse, bringing from the latter in his wheelbarrow a small load of coarse gravel and a sufficient quantity of rich, sandy loam.

The gravel was placed in the bottom of the barrel to a depth of six or eight inches. Over this was sprinkled a thin layer of well-rotted fertilizer, and upon this was placed five inches of the sandy loam. This process was repeated until the barrel was filled.

Meantime, as each layer of soil was built up, the roots of a choice and thrifty strawberry plant were inserted into every auger hole and carefully imbedded in the loam. The top of the barrel was also set with as many plants as the space allowed and the perpendicular strawberry patch on wheels was finished. Now he finds his chief satisfaction in the fact that the berries which dangle from his barrel are of the finest possible quality.

According to his experience the vines in his barrel are not only more thrifty and prolific than any he has seen growing in an ordinary patch, but the freedom of the fruit from sand and dirt is a most enjoyable advantage. There is no weeding or other disagreeable task to be done in connection with the care of this barrel garden, and the labor which it requires is so slight as to be a pleasure rather than otherwise.—N. Y. Herald.

Hunting Whales with Electricity.

A Canadian sea captain has invented an apparatus with which he thinks whales can be killed by electric shock, says the New York Post. A harpoon is fixed at the end of a long metallic cable, properly insulated, and which serves in place of the usual rope. Through this cable electric current of 10,000 volts is to be sent by means of a dynamo carried in the whaleboat.—Philadelphia Press.

Cures Talk

"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver troubles, catarrh—cures which prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

GENTLE JEAN INGELOW.

Her Life of Modesty, Contentment, and Tranquil Resignation.

Jean Ingelow, who died recently in London, seemed curiously out of place in the literary life of the day when any writer who has done anything to attract attention lives so much in the public eye. Jean Ingelow's career was quiet and gentle in its course. The greater part of her work, however, was done at a period previous to that in which the public interest in celebrities was as fully gratified as it is to-day. For nearly a quarter of a century she had been neglected by the world in spite of the great popularity that her earlier writings had won. But it is certainly notable that a writer who was esteemed the most popular woman poet of her day, whose books in her country ran through 23 editions and in the United States were sold to the number of 200,000, should never have been interviewed. But this was one of Miss Ingelow's distinctions.

Probably this resulted from the horror of publicity which had always prevented her from appearing in gatherings of notable persons. It is said that she would not even accept invitations to dinners at which the company was likely to be made up too much of well-known persons. There was one series of entertainments in which she indulged herself for many years. Three times a week she invited to dinner at her house the poor people lately discharged from the hospitals in the neighborhood, and it is said that in her own view of the world the dinner table was a place much more adapted to such practical charity than to poetry. Her acquaintance was not limited, however, to persons so distant from her own sphere. Many eminent literary men of the time were among her intimate friends. Ruskin was one of these—and he is said to have taken particular pleasure in her society—Lord Tennyson was another, and her personal set had included Dante Gabriel Rosetti, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many others of almost equal fame.

Miss Ingelow was born in a small town in Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker, and, although she had lived for many years previous to her death in Kensington, it is said that her shy, modest manners never lost the quality that her early life in the country had given them. She was never a beauty, although her face was wonderfully attractive in its sweetness and variability of expression to the persons who knew her. Although as a child of five she had shown a wonderful sensitiveness to rhythm, her first poems were not published until she was 43 years old. The book was published anonymously at her own expense. When the small edition was exhausted her publisher advised her that it would not be wise to attempt the experiment of another issue. But the great popularity that her work suddenly achieved proved the fallacy of that counsel. She became suddenly famous, and it was not long before all the eminent writers of the day had made her acquaintance. She and her mother had moved to Kensington, and this sudden extension of her acquaintance was not without its embarrassment to a woman whose previous life had been so quiet.

She had not read a great deal before she began her career as a poet, and she attributed much of the freshness of her verse to this circumstance. The success of her first volume was never repeated. The public would never be attracted to her succeeding works as it had been to the verses that made their appearance so modestly in 1863. For many years before her death she had known nothing of the delights that the golden years of her fame—years limited to little more than a decade—had brought so unexpectedly to her. But it is said that her gentle, optimistic nature never showed any resentment at the indifference of the public. She was eminently hopeful, contented, and determined to take the sunniest view of life. Her natural disposition luckily made this attitude the easiest for her. So she was never heard to complain of the fickleness of the public taste, which for many years had left her quite out of its thoughts.—N. Y. Sun.

Pine Bark Boats.

Everybody is familiar with the birch-bark boats, or canoes, of the American Indians, but the fact is not so well known that some of the aboriginal inhabitants of the western shore of this continent were accustomed to make boats of pine bark. A model of one of these in the Smithsonian museum served recently as a text for a talk by Prof. Otis T. Mason on the evolution of boats. The boat in question was, he said, an exact representation of those in use along certain parts of the Columbia river. It is made of the whole skin of a pine tree, which is turned inside out, the ends being cut obliquely and drawn together in such a manner that the vessel has a pointed ram under water at each end. Directly across the Pacific ocean from the Columbia is the River Amur, in Asia. Prof. Mason thinks the fact that similar boats are found on the Amur may have a bearing on the problem of former emigration from Asia to North America.—Youth's Companion.

Under One Umbrella.

On a quiet thoroughfare off St. Charles there might have been seen during the heavy rain the other afternoon a shaggy Newfoundland dog carrying a spread umbrella in his mouth, his dripping tail sticking out from under and wagging complacently. Investigation revealed the fact that there was a little girl under the umbrella with the dog, her tiny arm thrown around his neck, and the two tripping along most amicably. "My name is Marie," said the little maid, upon being questioned, "and this is Beauregard, my very own dog. Yes, Beaury goes to school with me. I go to the kindergarten, you know, and he always carries the umbrella if it's raining, because I can't, you see, and he can."—N. O. Cor. Philadelphia Times.

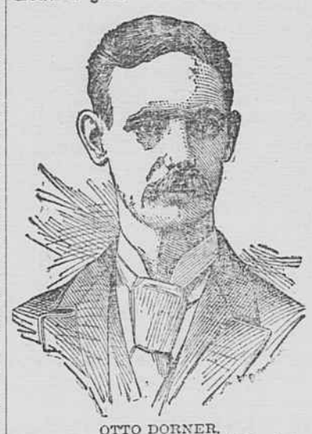
ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

FARMERS AND WHEELMEN.

Why They Should Work Together in the Good Roads Crusade.

Otto Dorner, of Milwaukee, Wis., chairman of the good roads bureau of the League of American Wheelmen, recently delivered an excellent good roads address before the Chautauqua assembly at Dixon, Ill. His remarks related especially to the attitude of the league towards the farmers, and its essential features, embodied in the following article, cannot fail to be of general interest:

Now the great question before us is, said Mr. Dorner, how shall we obtain better country highways. The question is not, do we need good roads, but how shall we get them? Road building in the United States has been left entirely in the hands of the farmers and in charge of the local town authorities. These local authorities as a rule have no knowledge of the science of road building, and 50 years of experience has shown a great deal of labor wasted



OTTO DORNER.
(Known as the Apostle of Good Roads.)

and vast amounts of road taxes collected in vain.

In many places our roads to-day are no better than they were 20 and 30 years ago. A radical improvement in the system itself must be made.

The League of American Wheelmen has been the subject of much criticism on account of its agitation for better highways. We have been accused of selfishness in the matter.

It is believed by many that we wheelmen expect farmers to load themselves up with taxes that they might build roads for the convenience of bicycle riders. No greater mistake could be made. We of the League of American Wheelmen who are engaged in this agitation for better roads feel that the farmer to-day bears his full share of public taxes, and that they should not be unnecessarily added to. We feel that a mistake has been made in the past in expecting farmers alone to pay for building roads, and in leaving the entire responsibility for our roads in their hands. The farmers of the United States are but a fraction of our population, and they are by no means the only ones who will profit by the construction of good roads. It is claimed that in the state of New York every farmer is obliged to build roads for eight persons out of the state population. Why should not the other seven contribute to their cost?

While good roads would save the farmers immense amounts in hauling products, this saving would indirectly benefit the whole population. Neither is the farmer the only one who travels the country highways. Country merchants, doctors and professional men, peddlers, pleasure seekers, and last but not least the wheelmen, would be directly benefited by good roads. It is unjust, therefore, that the farmer alone should pay for building these roads.

I am glad of an opportunity to say to a gathering of farmers that the League of American Wheelmen proposes to help them in bringing about a proper division of the cost of good roads, so that the city people, the capitalists, merchants and manufacturers, the wealthy corporations, railroad, insurance and telephone companies; in fact every class of people, shall contribute to the cost of building them. The League of American Wheelmen believes that many of our country roads should be built by state aid; that a part of the cost of good roads should be paid out of a state tax, which would be levied upon all property and all classes of people alike, so that every taxpayer shall contribute a proportionate amount, according to the amount of property he owns. We propose that the states shall help to build roads and to divide their total cost between the people of the locality, who are most directly benefited, and the adjoining property owners whose land rises in value as a result of the improvement and the state, as representing the entire population. This is not a Utopian plan; it is not a theory only, but has been adopted in practice with great success in New Jersey, in Connecticut, in Rhode Island and, in a modified form, in Massachusetts. New Jersey has become famous for the fine roads she has built. These were constructed by a state aid system under which their cost is divided about as I have indicated. The farmers of New Jersey are enthusiastic over this state aid system, and the towns and counties are glad to pay their share of the cost of these roads so long as the state pays its part. The country districts in New Jersey are overwhelming the state authorities with petitions to assist in the improvement of local roads, and the legislature cannot appropriate funds for the purpose sufficient to meet the demands from the farmers. The New Jersey commissioner of public roads tells me that a large part of his time is occupied listening to the pleadings of farmers that the roads in their districts shall be the first to receive the benefit of state aid.

Our suggestion of state aid is now also being advocated by the leading representative farmers of the United States as the proper solution of this great road-building question. The farmers' national congress has passed resolutions in favor of state aid, and Mr. John M. Stahl, the able and energetic secretary of that organization, is one of its warmest advocates. He has written extensively upon the subject, and has assisted us in our work for state aid before the legislatures. In New York state, in Connecticut, in Pennsylvania and in Wisconsin, the League of American Wheelmen and the farmers' organizations have worked hand in hand for state aid. This is the strongest endorsement which could be given to the efforts of the League of American Wheelmen, and shows that they are aimed in the right direction.

All classes alike are beginning to realize the great economic importance of permanent highways. Farmers feel that they have too long been compelled to build and improve country roads at their own expense, and they are entitled to state support in this great necessary public improvement. Upon these lines, and upon these lines alone, the good roads improvement is bound to succeed, and will succeed, and upon these lines the League of American Wheelmen proposes to keep up its agitation, with the help of the farmers of the United States, until our common roads, neglected until now, the stepchildren, as it were, of a great republic, shall have received at the hands of our legislatures some of that tender care and nursing which has been extended in the past to canals, to steamship lines and to railroads, many of which have grown up almost entirely at public expense.

ARTISTIC ENTRANCE.

How to Make the Approach to a Farm House Attractive.

First impressions are generally lasting. The first impression of a man's farm often comes from the appearance of the entrance driveway. If it is simply a track up through a field, or if one must pass through a "pair o' bars" in order to reach the house, the impression is not apt to be particularly pleasing.

The making of a handsome entrance to one's home is not so much a matter of expense as of materials and good taste. The materials for making the entrance shown in the accompanying illustration are to be found on most of our northern farms, or in the immediate vicinity. All that is needed is a proper arrangement, a wise planting of trees and shrubbery, and a properly laid-out roadway, to make a handsome entrance. The road should enter on a curve, and the entrance should be flanked on either side by a thick growth of trees and shrubs. Two large bowlders are selected for posts on either side, and other smaller bowlders make up the wall. This is designed as the foundation over which our common woodbine shall be trained. Such a wall, and entrance posts well covered with the wonderfully thrifty and handsome vine, will make a sight the eye will love to

ATTRACTIVE FARM ENTRANCE.

dwell upon; and the owner of such an entrance can feel assured that his place will be much more highly respected in the eyes of passers-by.

It takes so little of one's time and efforts to make these inexpensive improvements about one's home that the wonder is that more is not done. Get the children interested in such work as this about the home, and they will soon learn to love it and be proud of it. When these feelings are entertained for the home on the part of the boys and girls, we shall see fewer of them leaving the farms for the uncertain life of the cities.—Country Gentleman.

HIGHWAY DRAINAGE.

Without It Road Building Cannot Be Made a Success.

There is one fault frequently committed in the use of the road machine; there is an insufficient escape allowed for water. Those who operate the machines object to being bothered by bars, or the so-called "thank you, marms." So these are not being put in their places as they should be.

If there is a short sag to be filled it can probably be done from material at the sides by using drag scrapers, then dress up with a road machine, or if the soil is a stiff clay or muck, haul on gravel, rock, shale or sand, if they are available. If not, the embankment should be raised to an extra height to give a quick drainage.

The worst feature in the working of the roads is that they are made the gutters of the county.

The ditch on the upper side of the road gathers all the water from the fields above the road and carry it to the foot of the hill; the ditch on the lower side gathers all the water coming from the road, and between the two our road systems are being washed out.

Drainage can and should be provided to get the water outside of the road limits at short intervals. Water is a poor road material. Keep it from getting on the roads where possible.—Kenyon (Mich.) Leader.

A Rhyme with a Moral.

The narrow tire digs a rut,
The wider tire rolls it shut.

HINTS FOR THE BATH.

Intended for the Benefit of the Ladies.

Bathing after a nap is injurious.

A rough bathing towel is better for any kind of a bath than a smooth one.

For protecting the hair during a shower bath or in a large plunge a cap of waterproof silk is light and comfortable.

The rule is: Hot water for the bath tub, cold water for the shower bath, water of normal temperature for the plunge.

It is hardly necessary to remind the bather that weakened digestion is the result of bathing within an hour of a full meal.

If the temperature of the bath water is either above or below normal the face and edges of the hair should be thoroughly moistened with the water before the plunge is made.

One should never stay in a tub bath more than ten minutes, nor in a shower bath over two. In a plunge bath one may safely stay 20 minutes, as the exercise prevents bad effects.

A return from a dusty trip or a ride in the wind should be followed by a hot rather than a cold bath. The escaping steam induces perspiration and the hot water washes out the fine dust.

If one is contemplating the necessity of exposure to sun or wind a cold water bath is better than a warm one, as it toughens the skin and makes it firmer in its resistance to unfavorable conditions.

The strained juice of three lemons, if put in the bath water, will give one a delicious sense of cleanliness. The acid removes all stoppage of the pores caused by the accumulation of saline substances.

The bather who has had recommended to her cold water baths and who cannot overcome her repugnance of them may be sure that this shrinking is the warning of a delicate constitution that the treatment is too drastic.

By procuring two cents' worth of coarse rock salt and allowing it a little time to dissolve the equivalent of a sea bath may be had. This is a healthful way of bathing, as salt invigorates the skin and quickens the action of the glands in the skin.

The luxurious maid who is in the habit of putting toilet perfumes in the water of her bath will find a mixture of the same quantity of pure alcohol with a few drops of handkerchief perfume more satisfactory and, being less liable to adulteration, helpful, not harmful, to the skin.—Chicago Chronicle.

Salad Dressing.

Every young woman should learn to mix a salad dressing for the lettuce and tomatoes that are now such cool and palatable delicacies. Salt, pepper, vinegar and oil are the only necessary ingredients, and each individual must practice mixing them until she gets the proportions that exactly suit her taste. The oil should be added last, dropped slowly while beating the dressing with a fork. One can make it in a tablespoon, but a small sauce dish is better. To do this gracefully at the table requires practice.—Leisure Hours.

His Only Recourse.

Customer—I want a copy of the prescription you filled the other day.

Druggist—I'll have to give you the original, sir.

"Why?"

"To tell the truth, I can't read what it says."—N. Y. Journal.

CURES THE CHILDREN.

Nervura Is the Best Medicine and Surest Cure For the Little Ones.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the Household Remedy For Children. Give Your Child This Wonderul Remedy. A Cure Is Certain.

CURE OF MRS. WONDERLEY AND HER CHILDREN BY DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

The health of the children should be the first consideration of every parent. Too many children are allowed to drift into fatal decline by neglect. If your little ones are pale, puny, nervous, do not play with zest and do not develop as they should, give them immediately this great restorer of health and strength, this maker of good blood and strong nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. For St. Vitus dance, spasms, epilepsy, convulsions, Dr. Greene's Nervura is the only remedy absolutely and unfailingly sure to cure. If your infants are cross, irritable, and do not sleep well, are restless in sleep, tossing about, gritting the teeth and starting suddenly from sleep, have twitching of the eyes, face, head or limbs, you can be certain that one of the above terrible diseases will be the inevitable result unless taken in time and *cured now* by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. Get this wonderful remedy at once, and you can be perfectly sure of a cure. You need not fear to give it to infants or children of any age as it is perfectly harmless, being made from pure vegetable medicines marvelous in their curative and health-giving powers. Read what Dr. Greene's Nervura did in restoring to health Mrs. Mary Wonderley and her two children, at 1009 Buttonwood St., Philadelphia, Pa. She says:—

"I had been suffering for two years with nervousness and indigestion so that at night I could not sleep, and in the morning I felt weak and tired and so badly that I could not do my housework. I thought I could never get cured. I would have to get up at night and walk up and down, had pains all over my body, and when I got to sleep would wake with a pain around my heart so that I would be afraid to lie down again. I had pains in the top of my head and my hands would tremble if I tried to sew, and the least noise would frighten me. My husband was told to get Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which he did, and when I had started on the second bottle I was surprised to find myself improving rapidly. Had I known of Dr. Greene's Nervura when I was first sick it would have saved me many dollars paid to doctors. My little children were also helped through this great medicine. They would wake up at night frightened by horrible dreams, and their appetite was failing and my little girl had dark circles under her eyes and was puny, pale and sallow. My little baby only weighed 15 pounds. After taking Dr. Greene's Nervura she weighs 28 pounds and my little girl is as fat and rosy as a peach. We owe all this to Dr. Greene's wonderful remedy."

Do not delay, but give your child this grand medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, now, and watch it gain in health every day and every hour. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, the most successful physician in curing diseases of children, can be consulted free, in person or by letter. No fees to pay for consultation, examination or advice, and the low prices of his health giving medicines place a sure cure in reach of everybody.

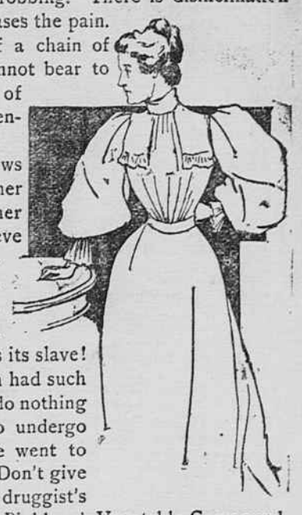
BEWARE OF MORPHINE.

Mrs. Pinkham's Urgent Appeal to Suffering Women.

She Asks Them to Seek Permanent Cures and Not Mere Temporary Relief From Pain.

Special forms of suffering lead many a woman to acquire the morphine habit.

One of these forms of suffering is a dull, persistent pain in the side, accompanied by heat and throbbing. There is disinclination to work, because work only increases the pain.



This is only one symptom of a chain of troubles; she has others she cannot bear to confide to her physician, for fear of an examination, the terror of all sensitive, modest women.

The physician, meantime, knows her condition, but cannot combat her shrinking terror. He yields to her supplication for something to relieve the pain. He gives her a few morphine tablets, with very grave caution as to their use. Foolish woman! She thinks morphine will help her right along; she becomes its slave!

A wise and a generous physician had such a case; he told his patient he could do nothing for her, as she was too nervous to undergo an examination. In despair, she went to visit a friend. She said to her, "Don't give yourself up; just go to the nearest druggist's and buy a bottle of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will build you up. You will begin to feel better with the first bottle." She did so, and after the fifth bottle her health was re-established. Here is her own letter about it:

"I was very miserable; was so weak that I could hardly get around the house, could not do any work without feeling tired out. My monthly periods had stopped and I was so tired and nervous all of the time. I was troubled very much with falling of the womb and bearing-down pains. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; I have taken five bottles, and think it is the best medicine I ever used. Now I can work, and feel like myself. I used to be troubled greatly with my head, but I have had no bad headaches or palpitation of the heart, womb trouble or bearing-down pains, since I commenced to take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman. The use of one bottle will prove what it can do."—MRS. LUCY PEASLEY, Derby, Center, Vt.

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If you desire sweet repose and delightful slumbers try mine. I have TEN THOUSAND GALLONS in stock and will guarantee every gallon to be strictly pure.

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